



SONGS  
OF THE  
HILLS AND HOME  
WALLACE IRVING COBURN



Class PS350.5

Book 015286

Copyright No. 1916

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









# SONGS OF THE HILLS AND HOME

BY  
WALLACE IRVING COBURN



BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
1916

PS 3505  
015256  
1916

\$1.00

©CLA445997

DEC -1 1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

no 1.



Ch. 7 p. 1  
Page 376

TO THOSE DEAR FRIENDS, WHOSE  
HOMES ARE DWELLING-PLACES OF  
HOSPITALITY AND CHEER, AND  
WHO, WITH US, HAVE ENTERED  
INTO THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE HILLS



## FOREWORD

Give me a cheery home, a loving wife,  
Dear friends, good health, which is the wine of  
    life,  
Enough so want will never pinch or sting,  
Kindness of heart tow'rd ev'ry living thing,  
A goodly child to bear his father's name,  
Something worth doing for life's earnest aim,  
The best the world can give is all my own;  
This is the real; the king may have his throne.



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
LIFE'S SECRET . . . . .	1
THE VOICE OF THE HILLS . . . . .	3
THE MASTER OF FORDHAM . . . . .	5
WITH THE HILLS AGAIN . . . . .	8
ADRIFT . . . . .	10
THE SONG OF THE BROOK . . . . .	11
OVER THE ROAD FROM YESTERDAY . . . . .	13
BETHLEHEM . . . . .	16
THE CALL OF THE HILLS . . . . .	18
THE DRUM OF SIXTY-ONE . . . . .	19
PERPLEXITY . . . . .	22
THE GOOD BOAT, <i>MARY LEE</i> . . . . .	25
THE GOLDFISH . . . . .	30
THE HEART'S TOWN . . . . .	31
THE MISER . . . . .	33
BE GENTLE, TIME . . . . .	36
THE BABY . . . . .	38
TO AN IMPOLITE INTRUDER . . . . .	41
TWO CREEDS . . . . .	44
THE LASS WITH THE BLACK, BLACK EYES . . . . .	47
A LITTLE CHILD AT PLAY . . . . .	49
KINSHIP . . . . .	51
A WELCOME TO SPRING . . . . .	53
THE SONG AND THE CHILD . . . . .	56
OLD ROBBER TIME . . . . .	58
TO A SOBBING MAIDEN . . . . .	60
JUNE . . . . .	62
FROM THE HILLTOP AT NIGHT . . . . .	64
TIME'S RECOMPENSE . . . . .	65

LIFE'S PLAN . . . . .	67
MILITARISM . . . . .	69
TO A LADY IN FEAR . . . . .	71
THE MOB . . . . .	73
THE OLD HOME TOWN . . . . .	75

SONGS OF THE HILLS AND HOME





## LIFE'S SECRET

Oh, why should we pour out the best of life  
On folly's dream or mad ambition's strife?  
The crowning powers of the godlike soul,  
Choice treasure, to be held in wise control,  
Emptied and squandered on a tinsel prize  
Which, won, doth mock the hope of eager eyes.  
Nature herself, fond mother of the mind,  
Richly bestows this wealth, as if to bind  
Man to success, that firm united they  
May bring to needful world a better day.  
How she must grieve to see this waste of powers,  
Entrusted for great use and never ours!

Oh, vain the pomp, the pride, the empty show,  
The false exalting over those below,  
The torturing stress to reach, one little hour,  
The elusive height of boastful power!  
We need not these; let them all disappear;  
The husk is lost; to us the wheat in ear;  
We turn from false to true; the shell is gone;  
The pearl of price, then hidden, now is won.

Nature is quiet, restful and serene;  
The miracle is wrought; no hand is seen;  
Life knows no toil; to be is but to grow;  
A hidden plan, a secret soul and, lo,  
Each stands complete and each its place does  
fill:

The humble lily in the glen, the pine on tow'-  
ring hill.

Noiseless the seasons come and go their way ;  
Night silently withdraws her charms and  
blushes into day.

That life is best which covets simple joy ;  
That mind, a man's, in which still lives the boy.  
Close, close to nature let my spirit lie,  
Her secret learn and grow more wise thereby.

## THE VOICE OF THE HILLS

“At all times about three hundred thousand Swiss are in foreign countries, learning languages or methods of combining travel with work; but they come home; always they come home.”

HOME, yes, home to the grand hills of God;  
Kings o'er the valley, there they stand,  
Ruling o'er all with sovereign rod,  
Monarchs, enthroned o'er all the land.

Night sets her stars, a radiant crown;  
Morn sends her rays, a robe of light;  
In their vast majesty they look down,  
Kings of the day, kings of the night.

The centuries come; the ages go;  
Time wastes, destroys; but there they stand,  
As first, on earth's morn, they rose and, lo,  
Their pow'r of rule was on the land.

Man, what is he? A creature of dust;  
Himself exalts; he has his day;  
Then back to the earth return he must,  
And o'er his grave the hills hold sway.

The mountains preach freedom. Their bold  
voice,  
The wind defiant in each blast;  
Their proud look bids ev'ry man rejoice,  
Stand up, stand forth, be ne'er downcast.

There lieth man, oppressed unto death;  
Is this for man creation's goal?  
The earth-spurning mountains breathe a breath  
And he becomes a living soul.

Who sees the hills can ne'er be a slave;  
His neck can never know the yoke;  
O'er him no hand of tyranny wave;  
He heard a voice; the mountains spoke.

Home, yes, and home to the kingly hills!  
Thou, too, a king; a king then stand;  
Stand forth for thy rights; thy God, He wills  
Thou shalt be free in heart, in hand.

## THE MASTER OF FORDHAM

THE master of Fordham rides by in his carriage;  
Proud and haughty he sits, looking over the ground;  
Satisfied is he, for he claims its broad acres  
And secures their possession by fence, mete and bound;  
But I laugh at his pride; I mock at his lordship;  
Who is the bond-servant? Who the king on his throne?  
He has the worry and to me is the kingdom;  
He pays down the taxes and it all is my own.

He walls in the pine tree and would claim it by right;  
"No trespassing" then writes he all over the land;  
But my soul knows no bound; it ever defies him;  
Its right is to venture and the world's worth command;  
The pine tree is my friend and we have a secret,  
A secret of soul-life we have shared year by year;  
He never can learn it; he knows not the language;  
The wind its sigh translates to my nature-tuned ear.

He claims the wide meadow; but whose is the  
flower

That gives to the meadow its rare beauty and  
charm?

It lifts its face to me, smiles at me each morn-  
ing,

And my soul, with its fragrance, draws in its  
sweet calm;

The grasses nod to me from each nook and hol-  
low;

I bow back a greeting and to them wave my  
hand;

The buttercups, daisies are mine in old friend-  
ship;

We converse and commune and we each under-  
stand.

The woods, they have music of praise, adora-  
tion;

The great organ of nature, in deep, solemn  
tone,

My soul leads to worship; I join in the anthem,  
And with them stand adoring before a vast  
throne.

Can he silence their voice? He bid me not wor-  
ship?

Can he stay the morn's breeze? Ev'ning's  
zephyrs control?

That forest is mine, with its anthem and music;  
We are wedded together, its soul to my soul.



The brook that goes leaping adown the green  
hillside,

Rejoicing and singing its glad, holiday song,  
My soul quick outrushes to meet it and greet it,  
And, glad with it, goes dancing and singing  
along.

The song in the thicket, when that did he pur-  
chase?

The gay butterfly's wing? The lark's caroling  
lay?

The cloud in the heavens? The sunset at even?  
The morn's purple blush? The arching rain-  
bow's display?

Let him ride in his carriage, so haughty and  
proud,

He, the master of Fordham, but not of my soul;  
Let him have the worry; let him pay the taxes,  
While I laugh at his pride and mock at his con-  
trol.

Oh, my soul, it is free! It roams through all  
kingdoms;

Forthfaring, it will venture; its world knows no  
end;

The star in the heavens, the weed by the road-  
side,

Is each a revealer, yea, a teacher and friend.

## WITH THE HILLS AGAIN

DEAR hills, sweet vales! My heart and you,  
In childhood days, were lovers true;  
A world hath spread its charms to view,—  
The sea, the land,  
And cities grand;  
But I've been lonely without you.

I've seen old ocean rage and roar;  
Its legions 'gainst earth's ramparts pour;  
The storm dies down; along the shore  
The billows surge  
And moan their dirge.  
Ah, in the sea what majesty!

I've stood by Naples' charming bay;  
Cerulean miles stretched far away;  
The mirroring waves held heaven that day;  
And Capri's Isle  
Did woo and smile;  
Sure Naples lies near Paradise.

Higher rose the Alps, and higher;  
The sun did give a crest of fire,  
Poured out its heart, did then expire;  
That Alpine glow  
Upon the snow!  
Oh, favored land and Alps so grand!



And Venice of th' halcyon days!  
My boat did love thy silv'ry ways,  
And calm, as fell the moon's soft rays,  
I seemed to float  
In fairy boat,  
Drift down the stream as in a dream.

My soul has gazed and feasted on  
The wonder of the Parthenon,  
The utmost height the mind e'er won;  
Human glory  
In stone and story!  
O Attic hill, a world you thrill!

Th' alluring Rhine I've floated down,  
Past Mauserturm of quaint renown;  
The Drachenfels did tower and frown;  
And then a psalm!  
That Gothic charm!  
Is beauty shown like at Cologne?

But now I'm with you once again!  
I turn from all the works of men,  
And foreign charms, mount, sea or glen;  
To you I come!  
My heart's at home.  
Dear hills, sweet vales, my heart and you!

## ADRIFT

YE peaceful ships that dip and rise,  
And float away 'neath moon-lit skies,  
How calm ye lie on ocean's breast,  
And rest and float and float and rest!  
Ye soothe my heart; all passion dies.

O happy ship, to drift and float  
On easy tide, an idle boat!  
My soul away does drift with you,  
And idly float with idle crew,  
To peaceful shore from strife remote.

Your sails are furled and so are mine;  
The tide may bear to land of pine,  
Or it may bear to land of snow;  
I question not where it may go;  
I have no care; I calm recline.

The soft moon looks upon the sea;  
Its mild face bears me company;  
With mellow rays and light subdued,  
It o'er my spirit seems to brood,  
And gently, sweetly solace me.

O fretful soul and spirit wild,  
Become more truly nature's child,  
And drift away on easy tide;  
The sea is deep, the ocean wide;  
Then you and life are reconciled.

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK

SING to me, sing to me, little brook,  
Down leaping the rocks with sunlit spray;  
Sing the same song you sang to the lad  
Who walked with Fancy your banks one day.

I dropped in a chip to see it whirl  
Around and around, then dash away;  
It then was a ship all armed for war;  
But it's just a common chip today.

A broken board and a tuft of grass,  
A pirate's boat and a pirate's flag;  
"Halt, or these stones will sink you to death!"  
Now just a board, a fisherman's snag.

A trout up the stream went darting fast,  
An arrow from some secreted foe;  
"Ho, every fish, you run and hide!"  
Now where the arrow and where the bow?

Down by the old pine a sheltered pool;  
Sticks, bark and chips for refuge did flee;  
A harbor for ships from all the world;  
A pool full of refuse now I see.

A firefly at eve flew o'er my brook;  
A robber was he with lantern light;  
"Shee! Not a word, or he'll hear and find!"  
A firefly harmless is he tonight.

I watched airy bubbles form and foam,  
A castle grand and full of armed men;  
The sunlight shoots. My castle's afire!  
Why are they not now what they were then?

You laugh and sing, as you dash along;  
Your song is rippling and full of cheer;  
But something is gone; the song to me  
Is not as it was in that glad year.

The brook is the same with leap and fall;  
The same tall tree dips close to the stream;  
Would he were the same, to whom you sing!  
Once more were a boy with boyhood's dream!

## OVER THE ROAD FROM YESTERDAY

OVER the road from yesterday  
I came into today,  
And, oh, the weary, weary hearts  
I saw along the way! ·  
Some were bearing a load of care  
Greater than human hearts should bear;  
They never looked; they never spoke,  
Bowed and broken beneath the yoke,  
On the road from yesterday.

Over the road from yesterday  
The ranks of toil did come,—  
Thousands, thousands with shuffling feet  
And faces hard and glum;  
The world's great load of burden-work,  
Which pleasure spurns and ease doth shirk,  
On them is rolled in cruel weight  
That crushes hope and kindles hate;  
Oh, that road from yesterday!

Over the road from yesterday  
A sad procession came,  
With weeping eyes and sobbing voice,  
And sometimes shaking frame;  
To them the long, long days have come,  
The empty days, the vacant home,  
And now the dread of coming years,  
The lonely hours, the hopeless tears;  
Sad, sad road of yesterday!

Over the road from yesterday  
    Old age did totter on  
With time-bent form and trembling limb,  
    And worse, did plod alone;  
Out of the step the spring had gone;  
Out of the heart the joy had flown;  
They stopped and looked the way they came,  
As if to call to some dear name  
    Down the road from yesterday.

Over the road from yesterday  
    Into the new today  
I heard the happy children come,  
    Singing along the way;  
My heart, made sad, began to beat  
In tune with merry, tripping feet;  
My soul took up the children's song;  
I joined with them and sang along  
    Into the new today.

Come, little child, you walk with me  
    All of this new today,  
And put your song into my heart  
    As I go on my way,  
And you and I will help to bear  
The heavy load of toil and care,  
Help bring to age its youth again,  
And take from grief its ache and pain,  
    On the road of this today.



What did I bring from yesterday  
    Into the new today?  
A kindly thought, a tender heart  
    Toward each man on the way.  
Learn thou, my soul, that absent grace,  
To feel with him in life's hard place.  
Away with pride! Give cheer and song  
To ev'ry man who plods along  
    On the road of this today.

## BETHLEHEM

O BETHLEHEM, thou little town  
Among the fair Judean hills,  
What glory lingers thee around!  
What thought of thee the soul entrills!  
Some mystic power holds the heart  
All trembling with a strange delight;  
Thy very sod seems touched of God  
And made a holy place that night.

What spot of earth did ever draw  
Around it such a varied throng,  
The humble shepherds, wise men true,  
The stars, the angels with their song?  
What poor men need, what wisdom craves  
Is brought to earth and to men given;  
The stars do haste to own their Lord,  
And angels worship as in heaven.

Across the sky one guiding star,  
As God's own finger, points the way  
For those who travel distance far  
Their homage to their King to pay;  
Surprised the shepherds, dumb with fear,  
At awful glory of the light,  
Rejoice when angel choirs appear  
And sing their welcome song that night.



But sleeps the world, nor seems to care;  
From it no joy, no rapture wild,  
Not knowing ev'ry hope and prayer  
Does have its answer in that child;  
God's ways, mysterious to men,  
Confound us always with surprise;  
How could they dream, in manger there,  
Is Lord of earth, Lord of the skies?

He whom the heavens cannot contain,  
To whom the hills a grain of sand,  
Who counts the isles a little thing  
And measures oceans in His hand,  
Ah, not in power, not in might,  
But, knowing man, would, meek and mild,  
Come softly as the morning light  
And be to man a little child.

## THE CALL OF THE HILLS

O THE wealth of the world came a-teasing,  
Came a-teasing at my heart!  
“Come away from the hills of your childhood,  
Away to the city’s mart;  
There is gold for your quest there and riches,  
Riches of houses and land;  
Cease your toiling, your labor, your striving;  
There is wealth at your command.”  
But what for my heart, weary, weary heart,  
That still doth persist and sigh  
For the loved hills and scenes of my childhood,  
And the calm of their clear, blue sky?

Ah, the gold of the world may have value,  
And the silver’s ringing fall  
May have a charm for heartless ambition,  
Hold pride with its eager call;  
But my heart and the hills of my childhood,  
And the friends that love them too,  
The glad brook that runs dancing and singing,  
My heart runs away to you!  
Yes, my lone heart, my weary, weary heart!  
Not a day, a day goes by  
But it longs for the hills of my childhood,  
And the peace of their calm, blue sky.

## THE DRUM OF SIXTY-ONE

HEAR the call, one and all, O ye, youth of our  
land!

Hear the roll, battle roll, of the drum, drum,  
drum!

Up, away; no delay; round the flag take your  
stand,

For the sharp, shrill fife summons now to the  
strife;

Do and dare, anywhere, shot and shell, flame  
and hell,

As the spirit, martial spirit, of the thrum,  
thrum, thrum

Stirs the soul with its roll, the inspiring, firing  
spirit of the drum.

Ere the fierce, wild charge up the steep and  
rocky height

Give the rattle, battle roll of the drum, drum,  
drum;

Forth they step, bayonet all agleaming for the  
fight;

Up they go 'gainst the foe, higher, higher, tide  
of fire,

O'er the rampart, the redoubt; naught of earth  
can keep them out;

'Tis the spirit, as they hear it, of the thrum,  
thrum, thrum,

The inciting, fighting thrumming of the drum.

Oh, the brave charge they made! Can their  
glory ever fade?

Then with muffled sobbing, throbbing of the  
drum, drum, drum,

With a tear take the bier, heroes they unafraid,  
And with slow and solemn tread bear away the  
galant dead;

Wrap the flag round their form, flag they fol-  
lowed through the storm;

Fire the volley; then the roll and the thrum of  
the drum;

The last sound o'er their mound be the throb-  
bing, sobbing, rolling of the drum.

Should some proud, insulting host place a foot  
upon our coast,

Then again give the roll of the drum, drum,  
drum;

With a cheer they appear, meet the daring,  
haughty boast;

With Old Glory in the sky, waving proudly,  
waving high,

Side by side now they stand, wall of flame round  
our land,

Sons of those who wore the blue, sons of those  
who wore the gray,

See, they come, come, come, with the spirit they  
inherit of the drum of Sixty-one.

Ere the soldier, old and bent, feels the strength  
of life all spent  
And can march nevermore to the thrumming of  
the drum,  
Let him live the day once more when the flag  
went on before ;  
Let the blood once more run warm, as it did in  
battle's storm ;  
Oh, once more let him hear it ! Oh, once more  
feel its spirit,  
Feel the throb and the thrill, moving heart,  
moving will,  
The inciting, fighting thrumming of the drum,  
drum, drum !  
Oh, the inspiring, firing spirit of the drum of  
Sixty-one !

## PERPLEXITY

I STAND beside a little mound  
Upon the hill's secluded brim;  
For me that little mound doth hold  
More than a casket filled with gold;  
For there we laid our boy away,  
And oh, my weary heart that day!  
God grant that there may never be  
Another such to you or me  
Or any in this world's sad round.

. . . . .

Oh, how I hate that little mound  
Upon the hill's pine-shaded brim!  
Ah, if each grass that grave hath crowned  
Could only know how I loved him,  
It would refuse to grow and bleak  
And bare would leave the horrid heap  
Which held my boy, while I could seek  
In vain one word, and only weep,  
When over him the cold, cold dirt —  
Every clod my soul did hurt —  
Did pile and heap its cruel weight!  
What could I do? What could I say?  
But only let my grief have way,  
Until I could not cry, but stand  
And feel the ache and grip my hand?  
And then to wait, and wait, and wait!

. . . . .



Oh, how I love that little mound  
Upon the hill's fair, shaded brim!  
There is no place in all this earth  
That holds so much of my soul's worth  
As that one spot in holding him.  
I never knew love's strength and power  
Until the breaking of that hour.  
I wanted him so much to keep,  
To feel the pressure of his head  
Against my breast, and let him sleep,  
My happy bosom then his bed.  
I wanted him so much to love,  
To pour my heart into his own,  
To know that joy, all joy above,  
Of loving, helping, till full grown,  
And then the blissful flow of joy,—  
The man, triumphant, is my boy!  
How often would I sit and plan  
What he would be when he a man!  
But now, "Good-by, good-by, my boy!  
Farewell, farewell, my ev'ry plan!  
O little mound upon the hill,  
I cling to you! I cannot go.  
I could embrace you! You I love,  
And all because I loved him so."

. . . . .  
The grass grows green o'er all the plot,  
With here and there a little flower,  
As if some angel from the sky,  
Knowing, with me, love's subtle power,

Of him would tell how much he thought,  
And so the sweet forget-me-not.  
Yes, it is right that you should bloom,  
O little flower, upon his tomb;  
And it is right, green grass, to wave  
In grace above that little grave.  
The spot that looked so drear and dread,  
That seemed for him so cold a bed,  
You cover o'er, as if to say,  
"See, how the dread, the drear has all, all  
    passed away!"  
But what, deceptive grass or flower of cheating  
    art,  
What, what shall cover o'er the grave that's in  
    my heart?



## THE GOOD BOAT, *MARY LEE*

I SAT in the foyer of the William Penn;  
Along came Captain Brown.

"Good morning, Captain. Enjoying the land?  
Come take a seat. Sit down."

"Land! This loafing life of you folks on land  
Must mighty weary be!  
Life on the river, where something moves,  
That is the life for me."

"But you've been at it a long, long while;  
You've had many a husky crew;  
Now that your hair is turning gray,  
I suppose, Captain, you're about through."

"Through!" said he, with a "huh" and a  
wink,  
"I hain't quite dead, as I see;  
I want to go to the end of the race,  
Then go like the *Mary Lee*."

"Let's see, you didn't know the *Mary Lee*,  
The best boat on the river?  
The day she went was a glorious day,  
A day I'll remember ever."

"Old Captain Ben was a gruff old soul,  
But his heart was as kind as you see;  
And the dearest thing to the Captain's heart  
Was his boat, the *Mary Lee*."

“ So, when Captain Abe declared his boat  
Was the best on the Ohio,  
It hurt the heart of Captain Ben,  
And he could not let it go.

“ They were due to leave the very same hour,  
The boats of the rival lines,  
And that there would be a lively race  
There were plenty of healthy signs.

“ Old Captain Ben called his crew to him:  
‘ Now, boys, you must make her go;  
We must put her first in the port above,  
Or put her in the depths below.

“ ‘ Shovel in the coal, all she’ll take;  
Force all the draft you can;  
Tie the governor down, make full steam,  
Run her as she never ran.

“ ‘ Win her or bust her, that’s the word;  
We’ll show that boat the way;  
We’ll be the first to make the dock,  
Or it’s “ Good-by, boys,” to-day ’!

“ So every man jumped to his task,  
And every man was true;  
The boat caught the spirit of Captain Ben:  
She plowed the waters through.

“ Out of her funnels the smoke she poured  
Like black clouds on the wind;  
The waves leaped high at the vessel's prow,  
And rolled in a wake behind.

“ The *Helen Lane* was nothing slow;  
She pushed her nose right on;  
The *Mary Lee* her best must do  
If the race that day is won.

“ ‘ More steam! More steam! Make faster  
go;  
We've got to win this race,  
Or Captain Ben goes to Davy Jones,  
And a donkey can have his place.’

“ ‘ But, Cap'n, she's got all she'll hold!  
We dare not give more steam;  
We'd rather ride on top the wave  
Than try it below in the stream.’

“ ‘ Don't fear! Don't fear!’ the Captain cried,  
‘ Just so you make her gain;  
Win her or bust her, it matters not,  
So we beat the *Helen Lane*.’

“ Like a thing of life the good boat flew.  
How her wheels did churn the stream!  
Like a steed that feels the touch of the whip  
She felt each ounce of steam.

“ It was nip and tuck for quite a stretch;  
It looked like a dead heat;  
Old Captain Ben, he fret and sighed,  
‘ Don’t let my boat be beat.’

“ The *Mary Lee* a little gained;  
Her prow pushed just ahead;  
Then, like a steed that sees the goal,  
Straight for the port she sped.

“ The stokers sweat and shoveled in;  
Forced draft, forced draft was given;  
She leaped ahead; the Captain smiled,  
‘ Oh, such a race is heaven!’

“ The Captain waved his hat in air  
And hugged the mate for joy;  
He danced around the upper deck  
Just like a winning boy.

“ ‘ A little more, my hearty boys  
We’re almost there! — We’ve won!’  
Then — like a thousand thunders burst,  
And the *Mary Lee* is gone.

“ Some boats are moored along the banks;  
They dream of a day gone by;  
As the river croons to the sleeping keel,  
They moan with a lonesome sigh.

“ For them no more is the flowing stream ;  
No rippling song at the keel ;  
No more they exult at the engine’s throb  
Or respond to the pilot’s wheel.

“ ’Tis oh to be left but a useless hulk  
To rot in the oozy sand !  
’Tis oh to be stranded, a worn out thing,  
And decay on the hated land !

“ Yes, the good boat, *Mary Lee*, is gone ;  
But she went in a glorious way,  
With throbbing engines, all steam up ;  
Oh, that was a ripping day !

“ And, when I come to the end of the race,  
May I go through, like her,  
Full steam up, a clipping pace,  
Aud bust the boiler, sir ! ”

## THE GOLDFISH

IN what a little world you spend your day!  
Thy life within the confines of an urn,  
In which you move and float and turn and turn;  
The all of it to me doth seem but play.

But I do watch thee and enjoy thy play;  
Thou dost not know the pleasure thou dost  
    give;  
Nor can I tell to thee,— but I will live  
With lighter heart to bear my load today.

Those higher ones, in larger world who live,  
Look pityingly down and of me say,  
“ In what a little world he spends his day!  
What pleasure can such confines ever give? ”

I am the goldfish in a little cell;  
Let me but take my place right cheerfully,  
And hard tasks may, perhaps, the lighter be  
To those who in the higher realms do dwell.



## THE HEART'S TOWN

O LITTLE town that's in my heart,  
Full many a city may be found,  
The busy, tense commercial mart,  
Where eager trade rules life and art,  
And wheels of traffic ever sound.

Yon splendid city wealth hath made;  
There fashion rules the world so gay,  
And riches make their crude display,  
And jeweled pride, in vain parade  
Exults to have its little day.

And there, exalted unto rule,  
Exerting sway with splendor grand,  
Whose power, through its law and school,  
Is felt, upgirding all the land,  
The capital doth proudly stand.

On stately hills the college town,  
Where learning rules supreme, alone;  
Art, science lend to it renown;  
Great buildings all the hills do crown,  
As wisdom, builded into stone.

But what are these, dear little town?  
For, oh, my heart hath need,  
And its strange longings will not down;

Though life should offer wealth, renown,  
It still, it still would plead.

Thy kindly neighbors shake the hand  
And have the word that cheers;  
Thine old acquaintance firm do stand  
In friendship's tried and proven band  
That's true through all the years.

Here little children run and play  
Along thy sunny street,  
Themselves the sunshine of the day  
That brightens up life's common way,  
And, ah, when them I meet!

The birds do sing a sweeter lay,  
As if of love and home;  
Each little flower along the way  
Looks up to me as if to say,  
"I'm glad, I'm glad he's come!"

Let all the world call out to me  
And plead with all its art;  
In vain will prove its ev'ry plea;  
There's something draws and draws to thee,  
O little town that's in my heart.



## THE MISER

A MISER sits in his small room,  
Counting his money o'er,—  
Gold and silver, silver and gold;  
What an abundant store!

With knotted brow and squinting eye  
He holds each piece to view  
As though it held his heart's first love  
And held his manhood, too.

Gold and silver, silver and gold,  
He counts and counts it o'er;  
His heart beats glad with each bright piece,  
Each beat a prayer for more.

That is your joy; that is your hope,  
Pile of silver and gold;  
Count it over and add it up,—  
All of your life is told.

You think you're rich,— perhaps you are;  
Yet with your wealth in view,  
I richer am and, miser man,  
I'll count my wealth with you.

A little cottage painted white,  
A cottage all my own,  
Where peace doth dwell in sweet content  
And love is on the throne.

When home from work at eve I come,  
Good wife is at the door;  
With loving kiss she welcomes me;  
How can I think I'm poor?

A supper warm is spread for me,  
And I am ready, too;  
We bow our heads and thank our God,  
And chat the whole meal through.

You have your gold; I have a wife;  
You count it o'er and o'er;  
Give me the love of woman's heart,  
And you may have your store.

I've children three to climb my knee  
When I sit down at night;  
They romp and play at children's hour;  
I share in their delight.

Now spread your money, spread it all,  
Precious silver and gold;  
I'd give not one of these my lads  
For all the wealth you hold.

I have the strength for honest toil,  
And health that blesses life,  
And as I work from morn till night  
I sing of home and wife.

You live for self ; I live for home,  
For those God gave me there ;  
And love makes light the hardest task  
And lifts the load of care.

Oh, richer I, old miser man,  
Than you will ever be,  
With cottage white, a wife's true love,  
And happy children three!

## BE GENTLE, TIME

IMPATIENT Time, be gentle now,  
And lightly, lightly touch the brow;  
Ah, sparsely sprinkle in the gray,  
Forecast of that unwelcome day;  
The glass you hold in careless hand  
Has priceless worth in ev'ry sand;  
Oh, slowly, slowly let them flow;  
Be gentle now; be gentle now.

Time was when I, a spendthrift lad,  
Did waste your hours — no worth they had —  
In idleness did let them go,  
Or worse, away in trifling throw;  
But now I learn from warning gray —  
Forget the folly of that day —  
And lightly, lightly touch the brow;  
Be gentle now; be gentle now.

O master, Time, your ways with me  
Have often been a mystery;  
More burdens than I sought you sent;  
Some hard rough roads with you I went;  
Full oft you brought a weary load;  
The trudging ox has felt the goad;  
You've bowed the back somewhat, you know;  
Be gentle now; be gentle now.

Good wife and I have journeyed on;  
In quiet paths content we've gone;  
The world's gay prizes never sought;  
In humble place you cast our lot;  
We've tried to hold an even way,  
That night might close in peace the day;  
And now, as we together climb  
Up life's last steep, be gentle, Time.

## THE BABY

Who is it that came to our home one bright  
day?

The baby, the baby.

And to whom does ev'rything have to give way?

The baby, the baby.

The dog, 'neath the table, has his mouth awry;  
The cat out of doors goes to pout and to sigh;  
A princess has come to her throne proud and  
high,

The baby, the baby.

Who sleeps in the day and cries loud in the  
night?

The baby, the baby.

Who turns all the world and the time around  
quite?

The baby, the baby.

Rules all of the home with imperious nod,  
With a cry or a sigh brings all 'neath her rod,  
Demands harder service than a heathen god?

The baby, the baby.

Whom do the old ladies come over to see?

The baby, the baby.

Who from morning till night holds constant  
levee?

The baby, the baby.

One vows she has surely her fond mother's eyes ;  
Another that brow is her father's so wise ;  
Hair, feet, chin and nose are a wondrous surprise ;

The baby, the baby.

What name on the throne shall this new princess bear ?

The baby, the baby.

Proud uncles, aunts, cousins, the whole town declare ;

The baby, the baby.

Anxious parents think hard, by day and by night ;

Each friend that steps in tries to help in their plight ;

But no name good enough ; we call our delight

The baby, the baby.

To our princess there comes a bright row of pearls,

The baby, the baby.

Clearer gems, fairer than a lord's or an earl's,

The baby, the baby ;

Let us count them, come ; here they are, one,  
two, three.

When such a wonder did mankind ever see ?

We toss her aloft and she laughs in her glee,

The baby, the baby.



There cometh a day and there cometh a night;  
The baby, the baby.

The flowers do bloom and the frost, it doth  
blight;

The baby, the baby.

Oh, how lonely a day on this earth can be!

Ye angels, who now bear her glad company,

May she give you the joy she has giv'n to me,

The baby, the baby.



## TO AN IMPOLITE INTRUDER

How dare you come to tarry in  
My lady's golden hair?  
Your coming is unwelcome quite;  
It's brought her nigh despair.

There's not a wrinkle in her face;  
Old Time has staid away;  
And now you come to worry her,  
Annoying, dreaded Gray!

You did not ask permission e'en;  
You never sent her word;  
You boldly came. Oh, what a shame!  
And now she's all upstirred.

She stands before her mirror sad;  
Pulls at you, one by one;  
Methinks, to see her solemn face,  
Her ev'ry hope is gone.

She looks so worn and burdened, too;  
Her heart seems full of fear;  
I hear a sigh and in her eye  
I think I see a tear.

Just think, what hours of anxious thought,  
What days of coaxing care,  
She's giv'n to lay, in perfect grace,  
Each strand of golden hair!

An artist she with braids and curls  
And little dainty waves;  
And, when she's through, she looks so cute  
I'd think she'd charm all knaves.

You could not do what she can do  
With locks of golden hair!  
To rival woman's pleasing art  
All others must despair.

And now you come to spoil it all  
By putting in your gray!  
You wretch! You thief! Have you no heart?  
Why don't you stay away?

I fear tonight she'll worry much  
About th' approaching day,  
And dread each one as it appears,  
Because of coming gray.

Perhaps she'll get some foreign stuff  
To color up the gray;  
And may be she will poison take,  
If you don't stay away.

The happy song within her heart  
That poured in tuneful lay,  
I have not heard a single strain  
Since you came, Robber Gray.

You stand with me, to her unknown,  
And watch her do her hair.  
Doesn't she look both sweet and grand?  
To you a picture fair?

If you will only take a bribe,  
I willingly will pay  
A goodly sum of precious coin,  
If you will but delay.

I like to see her golden hair,  
As in that golden day  
When I first saw, and, oh, her looks  
Did steal a heart away.

If you have heart, do heed my wish;  
For my sake hear my prayer:  
Just let her keep the olden charm  
And keep the golden hair.

## TWO CREEDS

SOME think that life is but a way o'er an un-  
charted sea,  
A little craft unmoored, unguided, drifting aim-  
lessly,  
Prey of the harsh winds and the storms, sport  
of the gale and squall,  
A plaything of the tempests; but my faith must  
doubt it all.

Who turned the fulness of the sea out of His  
liberal hand,  
He made a calm, wooing harbor out of the  
friendly land;  
When He poured out the torrents vast to fill  
the earth's great bowl,  
He placed a barrier fist against the surging  
waters' roll.

The winds are not furies, speeding on wild, de-  
structive path;  
They are not escaped demons, breathing out  
their hellish wrath;  
Gale that bends the mighty oak, zephyr toying  
with baby's hair,  
Servant each of a loving Will, God of the wind  
and air.

No lightning shaft that leaps across the shrink-  
ing, trembling sky,  
Startling the warring clouds to roar with thun-  
d'rous artillery,  
Shoots of itself; the arrow has a bow; the bow  
is bent;  
Each gleaming shaft above is not a wanderer,  
but sent.

Law is on the ordered earth and firm law is in  
the sky;  
No meteor, comet, wandering star goes hur-  
tling by;  
They know their task; they feel a guiding hand;  
they never roam,  
But move to bless this little world where I have  
now my home.

I envy not who fills this world with ogres, ghosts  
and ghouls,  
Dread spectres of disordered thought, children  
of dream-crazed souls,  
People the dark with furies and the woods with  
monsters wild,  
Until a world of fear is the world of each little  
child.

I rather think that in the groves, the fields and  
forest deep,  
The fairies walk with the children and guard  
them when they sleep,

That nymphs and dryads hasten on errands of  
blessing love,  
And angels, kind and beautiful, fill all the space  
above.

No monster from the cruel pit, no Satan, hat-  
ing man,  
E'er framed this world or gave it birth or e'er  
conceived the plan ;  
God, who is love, conceived this world ; His hand  
shaped out this sphere,  
Made to serve a destined end, and the God of  
love is here.

Who builds the ship a rudder gives, knowing the  
winds will blow ;  
The rudder seeks a pilot's hand, who all the way  
shall know ;  
My little craft a Hand did make, gave path and  
then a goal ;  
In spite of heathen creed, trust on, my God-  
believing soul.



## THE LASS WITH THE BLACK, BLACK EYES

OH, I vowed I'd never love a lass with a black,  
black e'e;  
But, oh, bewitching Nancy stole my heart away  
from me;  
She's the nearest and the dearest that ever I did  
see,  
And, oh, I feel the queerest when I am with  
Nancy Lee.

Her eyes, they glint and sparkle and they al-  
ways sparkle bright,  
Like the stars that twinkle, twinkle of a clear  
summer night;  
And the story they keep telling, it is not hard  
to see,  
And that's the reason Nancy stole my heart  
away from me.

When at morn I first awaken, then my thought  
is away  
To a little cot that snuggles up close under the  
bray;  
There I think I see my Nancy Lee, with the  
black, black e'e,  
Awaking to her morning thought, oh, a sweet  
thought of me.

At ev'ning, as I lay me down upon my humble  
bed,  
I keep a-thinking of the day when I and Nancy  
wed;  
Then nevermore will there be night, but always  
day to me,  
When I have my darling Nancy lass, with the  
black, black e'e.

Ye kings that have your palaces, ye lords that  
have your halls,  
What care I for all the grandeur that by good  
luck to ye falls?  
Give me a little cottage and the love that comes  
to me  
From the heart of my own Nancy O, with the  
black, black e'e.



## A LITTLE CHILD AT PLAY

O LITTLE child, how glad thou art!  
I see thee at thy play,  
And watch thee with a pleaséd heart,  
So happy ev'ry day,  
And wish I had, like thee, a song  
To sing for joy the whole day long.

Tomorrow may be dark and drear,  
And sorrow come to thee.  
Dost thou not ever have a fear  
That trouble thou shalt see?  
But thou dost laugh and play right on,  
As if tomorrow there were none.

I do not understand thee, child;  
If want should come to thee,  
Thou wouldst not run and frolic wild  
As now in sport I see.  
Is there no shadow in thy day?  
Nor any cloud across thy way?

Thou drop'st thy shovel in the sand  
And runnest up the street,  
And stretchest out thy little hand  
As if to quicker greet;  
I see thee leap to peace and rest;  
Thy father has thee on his breast.

Perhaps, if I believed like thee  
In constant love and care,  
And that my Father thinks of me  
And on His heart doth bear,  
Did I not nurture fear and doubt,  
I might cast half my troubles out.

I'm glad I met thee, little child;  
A teacher thou to me;  
My path through wilderness and wild  
At last has led to thee;  
A lesson at thy feet I read,  
And take for life thy simple creed.

## KINSHIP

O LITTLE daisy, bruised, crushed,  
I feel that I am one with thee;  
I, too, am born a thing of dust,  
A kinship more than sympathy.

O little flower, lifting up  
Thy pleading face toward the light,  
I, too, have spent my painful hour,  
Seeking my way up out of night.

Thou beast of burden, groaning sore,  
Beneath the galling of the yoke,  
Thy weary eye, thy trickling gore,  
Plead silently against the stroke.

I, too, have borne a grievous load;  
Dumb, smitten, helpless have I stood;  
Fate's rod uplifted, like the goad,  
Hath drawn my soul's and body's blood.

Creation's destiny and mine  
Together linked must be somehow;  
If glory mine, then glory thine,  
For we are brothers, I and thou.

If "earth to earth and dust to dust"  
Be spoken o'er my grave some day,  
We cannot see, but still we trust  
That glorified shall be that clay.

If I, then thou, for we are one;  
In suff'ring one, in glory too;  
Now flesh of flesh, and bone of bone,  
Then spirit holdeth me and you.

## A WELCOME TO SPRING

OH, spring has come! Yes, spring has come!

And I, oh, I am glad!

O joyous spring, O happy spring!

And I a happy lad!

I welcome you! I welcome you!

I watched for you so long;

I give you hail; so hill and vale;

We greet you with a song.

The bouncing beths are looking up;

The lilacs looking down;

And now are seen the signs of green

On woods so bare and brown;

White violets by the brookside,

And blue ones on the hill;

The crocus fair lifts head in air

And greets the daffodil.

And I saw a robin swinging

On bough across the way,

And as he swung, with rippling tongue

This word he seemed to say:

“Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, cheer up,

That is my song to you;

I’m here, I’m here, I’m here, I’m here,

For spring and I are true.”

And I saw a bluebird flying,  
    Flitting from tree to tree;  
“Fair spring has come; rare spring has come,”  
    He seemed to say to me.  
I hear the swallows chatter on  
    Beneath the barn eaves’ care,  
Then soar away and circle gay,  
    Glad children of the air.

I’m glad the dreary winter’s gone;  
    The snow has left the hill;  
The cold, cold touch of icy frost  
    No more does freeze or chill;  
No more the storm shakes all the trees,  
    Whirls through the shrinking air  
The snow and sleet, which pile the street,  
    While half the fields are bare.

At nighttime I have waked in fear  
    And heard the ghoulish shriek;  
Some demon-child, in tempest wild,  
    Did vengeance cruel wreak.  
How often have I sat and longed  
    For one spring day again!  
But pitiless winter, mocking,  
    Put frost upon the pane.

But now the spring is really here ;  
The birds and flowers have come to cheer ;  
The brook goes dancing adown the hill,  
And I dance along with the dancing rill.

I sing, I sing, I sing, I sing ;

Of all I am a part ;

What spirit thrills the fields and hills

And how it thrills my heart !



## THE SONG AND THE CHILD

THE morning was dawning on land and on sea.  
I was taking a walk. From a covert tree  
Poured rushing a rich flood of sweet melody;  
Some shy, hidden singer, from his very soul  
Rolled out the wild rapture in turbulent roll,  
As if joy ecstatic he could not control.

Silver cadenzas, in melodious tide,  
Trilling and thrilling did ripple and glide,  
A cascade of joy from the thicket's deep side;  
Harmonious wave-notes of transport did fall;  
Love, gladness and passion together did call;  
The song all my soul did enrapture, enthrall.

The cares of the morning were lost and forgot;  
A fair maiden wooed was my soul's happy lot;  
Song's rich enthrallment held me charmed to  
the spot;  
And then in a moment the singer is gone;  
The joy has departed; the rapture has flown;  
For me the dull earth and I wondering alone.

A fair little visitant one morning did come  
And brought of the charm of the heavenly  
home;  
Heaven's gladness in part on earth was then  
known;  
The eyes caught the blue of the sky as it came;



The lips took the red of the morning cloud's  
flame;  
The dimples, the artist, what could be his name?

A mysterious wonder my heart did fill;  
A strange feeling of joy my soul did enthrill  
As the angelic song, bringing heaven's good-  
will;  
My heart in a moment built her a bower;  
There, cherished by love in the might of its  
power,  
Sweeter, dearer my babe grew every hour.

Those little hands bore my life's burdens away;  
Those little eyes for me looked into a day  
Of rich expectation to brighten my way;  
I awaken one morning; her spirit has flown;  
Back to the fair heavens my baby has gone;  
Oh, how dull is the earth and I wondering alone!

Brief, brief was the song from the thicket's deep  
side;  
He poured out his heart, then on quick wing  
did glide;  
But the song and the charm in my soul still  
abide;  
Oh, brief was the life to my little one given;  
Strong, strong the heart ties, so suddenly riven;  
But my soul shall forever know somewhat of  
heaven.

## OLD ROBBER TIME

OLD Robber Time, he comes to me  
And shakes my limbs with cold,  
Numbers my years, awakes my fears  
And shouts, "You're growing old!"

I shake my fist at Robber Time;  
I bid him up and start;  
A bone may ache; my frame may shake;  
But he'll not shake my heart.

I call to Memory and Good Cheer,  
"Seize fast; put out the door."  
He threatens ill, and vows he will  
Colds, aches upon me pour.

But out he goes into the cold;  
The door is slammed right fast;  
He turns about and storms and pouts  
And blows a horrid blast.

"Well done! Well done, O Memory true  
Well done! Well done, Good Cheer!  
Perhaps he'll know the way to go,  
And stay away a year.

"Come on, good friends, and sit with me;  
Come, Memory, come tell  
Of that best spot, that's ne'er forgot,  
The home we loved so well.

“ And you, Good Cheer, come sing again  
The song you used to sing,  
When ev’ry day was a happy day  
And ev’ry season spring.

“ Oh, let our song rise high tonight  
And laughter ring out clear;  
If only we shall brothers be,  
There’s nothing then to fear.”

Old Robber Time, he steals along;  
Within my heart he peers;  
My friends he sees; his courage flees,  
And quick he disappears.

While these two friends abide with me,  
To worry would be crime;  
With Mem’ry dear and blithe Good Cheer,  
Ha, ha, old Robber Time!

## TO A SOBBING MAIDEN

O MAIDEN, maiden, maiden,  
Why thou, with sorrow laden,  
Dost so lonely, melancholy, sobbing stand?  
Let him go; let him go!  
You might win him, that is so;  
Yet, when won, his hand would be an empty  
hand.

Why thy heart with sorrow laden?  
Surely thou a strange, strange maiden,  
For whate'er is home when love hath flown the  
door?  
Let him go; let him go!  
It is best to have it so;  
Oh, a home that hath no love is surely poor!

Thine eyes, they have been weeping;  
Vain watch they have been keeping;  
They have hoped he'd come to see you, as of  
yore;  
Let him go; let him go!  
Do not weep and sorrow so;  
Should he come, love would not enter at the  
door.

He's not worth thy weary sighing;  
Not one tear of all thy crying;

Yes, a treasure you did give him. What gave  
he?

Let him go; let him go!

Do not weep and suffer so;

He knows not a woman's heart or constancy.

O maiden, maiden, maiden,

Thy heart with sorrow laden,

Better learn it now than later in thy life.

Let him go; let him go!

You'll be glad some day it's so;

Better suffer as a maiden than a wife.

## JUNE

THE birds, the flowers and June,  
And all nature full in tune  
With a world of gladness;  
Not a note of sadness;  
Ah, this is life, life, life!  
A melody in field  
And a song in the air,  
A chorus in the grove  
And music ev'rywhere,  
For, oh, it's love, love, love,  
And the joy that love doth yield.

And my heart does catch the song  
And it sings, sings, sings  
With the same full joy  
That the summer ever brings,  
And the pure delight  
Which comes to my heart  
With the birds and the flowers  
And the happy hours,  
When all is in tune  
With thine own glad heart,  
O thou lovely month of June!

Yes, the birds and the flowers and June!  
Here is joy; here is gladness;  
Here is no place for sadness  
In the song they sing,

In the charm they bring;  
But to me there is more in June  
Than the flowers in bloom  
And the birds all in tune,  
For this month gave to me  
My love, yes, my love,  
And my heart learned a song  
Such as birds never sing,  
And my eyes saw a charm  
Such as flowers never bring,  
For 'twas love, love, love  
That set my soul in tune  
To the birds and the flowers and June.

Oh, the birds and the song they sing!  
Oh, the flowers and the joy they bring!  
Oh, thou queen of the months of the year,  
With thy charm and thy calm and thy cheer,  
And the flowers in bloom  
And the birds all in tune!  
Oh, the gift thou didst give to me,  
Thou lovely, lovely month of June!



## FROM THE HILLTOP AT NIGHT

I LOOK down over the city,  
And my heart is moved to prayer;  
With sparkling light the night is bright,  
But dark is the sorrow there.

Pleasure goes laughing, tripping on,  
And pride, with her jaunty air,  
And rich display on fashion's way;  
Do they know what sorrow there?

Robed in her silks and her satins  
And decked with her jewels rare,  
The lady fine does sip her wine;  
Thinks she of the sorrow there?

Thousands in halls of gay feasting,  
Where the lights shine brightly fair,  
Where music sweet moves dancing feet;  
But what of the sorrow there?

Methinks the sound of revelry  
Must pain the astonished air;  
Unthinking mirth holds sway on earth;  
But what songless sorrow there!

I look out over the city,  
And my soul is driv'n to prayer;  
Give me a heart, a brother's part,  
A thought of the sorrow there.

## TIME'S RECOMPENSE

OH, for a man in these strong times who will  
hold the scales of Justice exact and firm,  
Scorning the heated words of little men, care-  
less of ev'ry breath of critic's mouth,  
Into his conscience looking straight and asking  
only, Let me be right!

Oh, for a man who can see clear when devious  
ways wind out before him,  
At every road a friendly call, "This way! This  
way!"

But who has ear so keen he only hears one  
voice, one path pursues;  
That voice he hears, that path he sees, there  
Duty stands.

Oh, for a man so full in love with Truth he  
fears to wound her!  
Fair, subtle spirit, the mount whence all the  
kingdoms of the world can woo him not;  
But, pledged to her in undying troth, looks,  
clear-eyed always,  
To where Truth sits enthroned, and calls, "I  
am here with God!"

This man Today will mock and hate and on  
the cross of cruel judgment crucify;  
Tomorrow, arbiter of fate, will stand before  
his tomb and call, "Come forth!"  
Forthhold him to a world and cry, "A crown!  
a crown!"

## LIFE'S PLAN

WERE I a sparrow, I would build me a nest,  
Snug in the thick grass, where the friendly moss  
    grows ;  
I would shape it, as taught by nature, my  
    teacher,  
And conceal in the shade the tall evergreen  
    throws.

WERE I a swallow, then under the barn eaves  
I would build me a house, and according to plan ;  
A mason I'd be, with clay for my mortar,  
And a weaver, surpassing the proud art of  
    man.

WERE I a wild duck, then down by the sedges,  
Near to the shallows, where the rippling waves  
    play,  
There would I shape out a nest 'neath the  
    bushes,  
And happily live till the frosts bid away.

Back to her summer nest comes the brown spar-  
    row,  
Comes to the green field, the sweet scent of the  
    grass,  
Builds her artist palace, snug in the mosses,  
Where the shade softly lies and the cool breezes  
    pass.

When through the meadow the spirit of spring-  
time

Awakens to life the grass and the flowers,  
Then once again seeks the swallow the barn  
eaves,

The lover of twilight, the friend of the showers.

Back to the river's edge straight flies the wild  
duck,

Knows the old haunts of the reeds and the ferns ;  
The call of the summer comes to her fleet wings,  
And quick to the charm of the waters she turns.

But, being a man, I will play me the fool ;  
I will cast off my God ; I will do my own will ;  
For me in all nature is there truly no law,  
No plan for my life I should seek to fulfill ?

Is my soul an orphan, unguided, unloved,  
While each bird of the sky for his life knows  
a plan ?

Is my world without thought, with no Father's  
care ?

Yes, let me be a fool, since I am a man.

## MILITARISM

THE Titan rises, stirs his might,  
Whets sharp his sword and whets his ire,  
Bids pity, shame and honor die,  
Kindles hot fury's eager fire.

Forth struts he on, impatient now  
To stand where none has ever stood;  
On dead men's skulls would mount a throne  
And wade to power through peasant blood.

He feeds his pride on greedy lust  
Of rule and sway, and, boasting well,  
To gain ambition's lofty height  
He forms fast league with death and hell.

He stands by ev'ry cannon's mouth,  
And shouts with joy as belches forth  
Destruction hot, and dying rows  
Lie writhing on the shudd'ring earth.

He bids the charge, that rush of steel,  
For blood the bayonet to sigh;  
He thrusts it through the warrior down,  
And laughs in glee to see him die.

The wounded, twisting in his pain,  
The orphan, dumb with quaking fear,  
The land all furrowed red with graves,  
The woe untold in woman's tear,—

O God of heaven, dost Thou not see  
This monster, loosed upon a world?  
When Lucifer did boast o'ermuch,  
To lowest hell Thy vengeance hurled.

Rise, God, of justice and of might,  
Hurl this new Satan from his sky;  
Beneath Thy foot make him to cringe,  
And cringing, Lord, make him to die.



## TO A LADY IN FEAR

O ANXIOUS heart and troubled heart, pray, tell  
me why you fear  
Because old Time has brought to you another  
dreaded year;  
A song today along the way, and care will  
quickly flee;  
If you only keep the heart young, you never  
old can be.

What though a little gray is put among the  
chestnut hair?  
Nay, do not scold them, one by one. Why  
should you ever care?  
If, oh, the sky were always blue and never came  
the gray,  
Where then would be the flowers, dear, and  
where the bloom o' May?

The quick years come; the quick years go; they  
bring both joy and pain;  
The gray cloud is a stray cloud, and the sun  
shines through the rain;  
The night time is a bright time, for 'tis then the  
stars appear;  
So 'tis hey, dear, and away, dear, with ev'ry  
doubt and fear.

Let Father Time abhor my rhyme and wave his  
    scythe in air;  
Just let him scold; he's getting old; for him  
    why do you care?  
Keep your hope bright and the heart light,  
    there'll be no place for tears;  
You'll always be a lassie free and few will be  
    your years.

## THE MOB

Is there no law in all your land,  
Is there no rule but hate,  
And wrath of man a burning flame?  
Where the power of state?

The judge's chair filled by a mob,  
Held fast by passion's sway!  
Must vengeance be the rule of life,  
A torch to light its way?

Drive in the stake and bind him fast!  
A criminal is he;  
His right to live he sold for crime;  
Now burn with fiendish glee.

You think you burn a wretch today,  
Serve justice, serve the state;  
You light a flame that burns a path  
For woe e'en to hell's gate.

He sinned to death? Then death be his,  
But death as death should come;  
To burn a man and torture him  
Saves neither state nor home.

The law protects both home and land,  
And law its work can do;  
You think you help with lawless hand,  
But the blow you strike smites two.

It smites the state, which looks to law  
To uphold and maintain;  
It smites your soul, destroys the man,  
And makes the brute to reign.

Does crime grow less when fed by crime?  
Do the lawless help the law?  
Does man from sin bring heaven in,  
Or good from evil draw?

In ancient day they once did stone  
Or hang on cursed cross;  
But back of that to savage age  
You go, to shame and loss.

The future years will have a voice,  
Will stamp your deed as crime;  
The wretched hour o'er which you shout  
Will blush at the bar of time.

Did God but deal as man does deal,  
Who then would light the flame?  
An awful fire would speak his wrath,  
And wrath would be His name.

The howling mob, the leaping fire,  
The shrieking victim's yell,  
Is that for human eyes and ears,  
Or more a scene for hell?

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

WELL, boys, I've been back again to the old  
home town.

I saw all of the boys who still live in the place,  
Found their spirits still young and their hearts  
still unchanged,

Though some heads a bit gray; some showed  
time in the face.

Made me feel 'bout sixteen, when we all went to  
school,

As full of the mischief as a colt at its play,  
When his thought of his life and our thought  
would agree;

Why work or why study if you can run away?

Well, I went and saw Fred,— owns a farm on  
the hill;

As a boy he was square and as fair as you find;  
And now he is a man that's as true as a die,  
And the boys he is raising are of the same kind.

Some were richer than Fred; but I thought of  
his name

And the standing he has in the whole of the  
town,

And I said to myself, as I learned of his worth,  
There is something in life worth far more than  
renown.

I went to see Martin, owns a shop by the dam;  
Shoes horses. "Hello, Martin!" and I put out  
my hand.

"Mine are black," said he. "Huh, never mind  
about that;  
For the sake of old times on no order now  
stand."

And, say, there on the bench — would you  
dream it could be? —

Sat Jim in his glory, a judge stern and sedate.  
I thought, if some judge had only sat upon you,  
You'd a been mighty small where you're now  
pretty great.

Suppose you've forgotten how you once set  
the pin  
That caught Billy Webster when he quick took  
his seat,  
And he let out a whoop, and you choked your  
laugh in  
As you saw the professor rise up to his feet.

When you see the culprit walk down sad to the  
dock,  
Quite likely you won't think how you walked  
down that day

As old Mac called out sternly, "James Brooks,  
you come here!"

You went and he went — at it and walloped  
away.

And I rode with Doc Whitcomb — plain Dick  
unto me —

He took me a driving all over the whole town.  
My, the team that he drove and the practice  
he had!

Looked like Dick was a doctor of mighty  
renown.

I said, "Dick, do you think of those Fridays  
at school

And the pieces we spoke? You had one on this  
plan:

It went something like this, 'When I'm a man,  
a man,

I will be a doctor, if I can and I can.' "

I nudged him and said, "It was a prophecy  
sure;

You've just up and done it, and you've done it  
well, too;

Old fellar, hain't it fine how the boys have got  
on?

So full of old Harry, I'm surprised some, hain't  
you?



I went down to the store and there sat on a  
stool

Big and high in his office, a-fig'ring away,  
Ned Eastman, a-running his hand up through  
his hair,  
And squinting his eye like he did in the old day.

"Hello, Ned!" said I quick. He glanced up  
with surprise;  
Then he looked and he looked. "Oh, forgot,  
I suppose,  
How you made a mistake worse than fig'ring  
wrong,  
When you tackled a lad that then tackled your  
nose!"

"Well, well, John, is that you? I'll be blamed  
if I knew!  
You're looking first-rate. Oh, I remember that  
day  
And how we went at it; yes, but say, do you  
know,  
I believe I'd a fixed you if Mac'd stayed away."

Then I said, "I told wife and the boys back at  
home  
'Twas a good thing for you Mac got into the  
strife;"

Then he said to me, " Say, don't you think that  
such times  
Kind of helped to put pluck into all of our  
life? "

" And, Ned, so you married black-eyed Helen, I  
hear.  
That's about what I expected; I kind of  
thought  
Those black eyes were a trap for such gay lads  
as you,  
And that you were the lad that would surely  
get caught.

" How is Helen? " " Fine as ever. Come up  
to tea."

I did, and sure Helen was lively and bright;  
And the supper she gave us! No hotel for me!  
And the visit we had! Guess we talked half  
the night.

And Bob Evans! Honorable Bob, it is now;  
Elected to office in the old Granite state!  
Gone to Concord to make laws for the folks! I  
vow!  
And to tell 'em what's good for 'em! My!  
Hain't that great?

For if there was a law in the realm of that  
school  
That Bob ever knew or was guilty of keeping,  
Or if Bob ever strayed in obedient paths,  
I must have been absent or crazy or sleeping.

He was the biggest cut-up that school ever had;  
Now he's gone down to Concord to tell the whole  
state,  
That Fourth-of-July, Hallow-e'en, fool's-day in  
one,  
How to be good and pious. Oh, lordy, that's  
great!

But this truth I learned there, it keeps coming  
to me,—  
You can't always quite tell what a small boy  
may do;  
Give him time; give him help; let him have a  
good chance,  
And the lad you turn down may prove noble  
and true.

Help him on; lend a hand; give him cheer as  
you can;  
For no one will be helped if you scowl or you  
frown,

And your good word perhaps may help make a  
good man;  
That's a lesson I learned back there in the old  
town.

And since I have got home it keeps coming to  
me,  
How fast time has traveled; why, it seems but  
a day  
Since I was just a lad with the boys back at  
school,  
And the chief end of life was to frolic and play.

And it seems kind of strange; I don't just un-  
derstand:  
Of Latin and hist'ry what we know may be  
small;  
The problems we tackled, they may all be for-  
got;  
But the didoes and tricks, we remember them  
all.

Oh, the good times I had! The handclasps and  
good cheer!  
They will go on in life until life is all past;  
There is something about those old days of  
our youth  
That together binds hearts in strong ties that  
will last.

Oh, days of my boyhood and the boys I knew  
then!

How sweet to recall them as life's hill we go  
down!

How I'd love to be back with the old days again!  
God bless the old boys! God bless the old  
town!





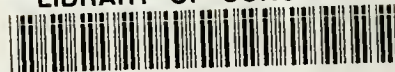








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 547 7